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The Shape of Things

THE PAST WEEK MAY WELL PROVE TO HAVE marked the turning point of the war. Our sometimes lumbering democratic machine was shifted at last into high gear as Congress rushed through the last stages of the Lease-Lend bill. Without a moment's delay Mr. Roosevelt asked for a round seven billion dollars to implement the measure and the House quickly went to work on the appropriation bill. Money on this scale not merely talks; it shouts in tones that rouse the dictators to spasms of psychotic rage and spur those resisting them to new efforts and new hope. And before the echoes of these explosive billions had died down the President rubbed in their meaning in a message that reached every corner of the earth. His speech was a challenge to the Axis powers, a warning that from now on material aid would pour forth in ever larger quantities until the forces of democracy prevail. It was also a challenge to ourselves—a challenge to overcome all obstacles, to speed up production to the utmost, and to accept cheerfully the temporary sacrifices which the job we have undertaken demands.

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BRITAIN RESPONDED TO THE PASSAGE OF THE Lease-Lend Act by a renewed offensive against Germany and the invasion ports. Assured of new supplies from this country the RAF went into action over Berlin, Hamburg, and the Ruhr on a larger scale than ever before. New types of bombers carrying heavier loads and with a longer range were employed and reports suggest that they have caused heavy damage to industrial plants, docks, and communications. The *Luftwaffe* has also speeded up attacks against Britain, striking particularly at the western ports which are the gateway for American material. No doubt these attacks have caused losses but the British are encouraged by the greater effectiveness of their defenses, which are now proving really dangerous to night-raiders. Although Hitler in his latest speech boasted that Germany was stronger than ever before, there is good reason to hope that its relative strength has diminished. It is noteworthy that, while he once again assured his audience that no power on

earth could prevent Britain's fall, he did not repeat the promise made in his last speech that victory would be achieved this year.

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THE ASSURANCE OF AMERICAN AID HAS proved a factor also in the diplomatic struggle taking place in the Balkans. For weeks Yugoslavia has been balanced on a knife-edge but with every indication that the weight of the Axis would be decisive. But now the balance seems to have swung the other way. Prince Regent Paul and his principal ministers have been attempting to maintain an equilibrium between the demands of Germany, which wants Yugoslavia to follow the Bulgarian example in submitting itself to protection and occupation, and popular opinion, which is growing increasingly antagonistic to any form of Nazi domination. An attempted compromise by which Yugoslavia would sign a treaty of friendship and non-aggression with Germany and Italy has proved unsatisfactory to the Germans while it is opposed inside the country as *de facto* surrender. The news from America and reports that strong British forces are landing in Greece have increased popular pressure on the government and there now seems a chance that negotiations with Germany may break down entirely. By asking too much Hitler may have suffered a diplomatic setback in Belgrade which can only be retrieved by military measures. But this would mean the opening of a broad Balkan front—just the end which he has striven anxiously to avoid. The Yugoslavian army is now being mobilized. It is numerous and composed of tough fighters capable of occupying the attention of many German divisions despite poor equipment. No doubt the mechanized Nazi troops could rapidly overrun the northern plains but the mountains of the south and west are ideally suited to defense by troops schooled in guerilla warfare. Moreover, with Yugoslavia ranged against the Axis, the resistance of Greece would be further strengthened and Turkey would be encouraged to throw its weight against the Axis. During the past week the Greeks claim to have thrown back a large-scale Italian counter-offensive. The advent of Yugoslavia as a Greek ally would at once endanger the rear of the fascist army, making its position in Albania untenable.

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MUSSOLINI'S LEGIONS IN EAST AFRICA ARE being rapidly cut into disconnected pieces. Since the British victory in Somaliland which yielded 31,000 prisoners, the largest body left intact seems to be the garrison at Cheren in Eritrea. This force is estimated at 40,000 and is believed to include the most reliable native and Italian regiments remaining in this war zone. The British strategy appears to aim at containing this position, constantly battering it from the air and with artillery but refraining from an assault which might prove costly.

With limited manpower the utmost economy is essential, and General Wavell has already shown what can be accomplished on these lines. Meanwhile, several columns aided by Ethiopian tribesmen, some under British officers, are harrying the Italians in western Ethiopia and pushing them back toward Addis Ababa from which their only remaining avenue of retreat will be the railroad to French Somaliland. However, still another British column driving rapidly forward from conquered Italian Somaliland is threatening to cut the railroad at Dire Dawa. If this move succeeds, the final disintegration of Mussolini's East African empire will not be long delayed.

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AMONG GERMANY'S "GIFTS" TO FRANCE, according to the official Berlin list, were 225,000 tons of wheat, 100,000 tons of potatoes—and 500,000 tons of newsprint. Even Mr. Hoover would have difficulty proving that the potatoes were actually delivered; but the news that has come out of Paris and Vichy of late makes us feel quite sure that the figure for newsprint is correct. Admiral Darlan himself must have used up a good deal of it trying to prove to the French people that the Germans have been "more generous and humanitarian than the British"—in his larger attempt to win support for his obvious desire to put the French fleet into the service of the Axis. Incidentally, the comparative figures for newsprint and potatoes are an accurate reflection of the five-to-one ratio between food and propaganda which prevails in the provinces of the "new order," including Germany itself where the master race dwells.

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RECENT REPORTS FROM CHINA INDICATE that the dispute between right-wing Kuomintang elements and the former Red Army units is still far from being settled. There is a sharp divergence in the statement of issues as reported by official Kuomintang circles and independent American observers such as Edgar Snow and Major Evans Fordyce Carlson. The Kuomintang charges the Communists with breaking the united front agreement by seeking to establish themselves politically in the territories recaptured from the Japanese and refusing to submit to orders from the Minister of War. In reply the Communists accuse Chungking of seeking to destroy the Fourth and Eighth Route armies, which have played such a conspicuous role in defense against Japan, and with retarding democratic progress in China. It is obvious that a real cleavage has developed in which each side is convinced of the justice of its cause. In such a controversy there is nothing to be gained by trying to assess the relative share of blame. A break could serve no one's interest except Japan's. If civil war develops, there will be no China for either Chiang Kai-shek or the Communists to rule. And the United States will have lost its chief defense against Japanese dominance of the Pa-

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cific. This country has no direct concern in the outcome of the factional struggle in China. But it is vitally concerned that China should retain its unity in the face of Japanese aggression. To this end it might well make it clear to both factions that the continuation of American aid depends on a peaceful settlement of their dispute.

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REJECTION BY THE SOFT-COAL OPERATORS of the eight-state Appalachian region of the United Mine Workers' proposals for a new contract does not necessarily foreshadow a shutdown on April 1 when the present agreement expires. It was merely part of a preliminary and almost formal skirmish, following which the joint conference appointed a subcommittee to discuss a new agreement. Although Charles O'Neill, spokesman for the operators, suggested that the financial cost of the miners' program would be crippling, the proposals put forward by John L. Lewis do not appear exorbitant. He asked for a blanket increase of one dollar per day for regular classifications of day-workers with corresponding increases for piece-workers. Contrary to expectation, no change in hours was proposed but there were demands for a minimum guarantee of 200 days' work a year, two-week vacations with pay, and rigid safeguards against accidents, including the right of workers' safety committees to inspect any mining operation and authorize a suspension of work when dangerous conditions were discovered. This last proposal is of especial importance. As Mr. Lewis pointed out, mine fatalities in 1940 reached 1,400, an increase of 342 over 1939. Non-fatal accidents number tens of thousands, putting an untold burden of suffering on the miners and their families. Even in unsentimental terms of dollars and cents this "blood on the coal" is costly, involving a charge of 20 cents a ton or, in 1940, of \$90,600,000. This, incidentally, is only some \$18,000,000 short of Mr. O'Neill's estimate of the cost of the new wage schedules asked by the U. M. W. Yet the operators seem to have brushed the question of safety aside. We do not think such callousness will help their relations with the public any more than will their refusal to accept a non-stoppage resolution stipulating that any increase in wages finally determined should be retroactive to April 1.

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THE CHOICE OF JUDGE CHARLES B. SEARS TO preside at the new deportation hearings for Harry Bridges would seem to guarantee a trial fully as fair as that conducted by James M. Landis. Judge Sears, who recently retired from the New York Court of Appeals, is a jurist of high repute. At the New York State constitutional convention he led the fight against the proposed amendment which would have hamstrung administrative agencies. Although Bridges is now to be tried under a law which makes

it a deportable offense ever to have been a member of a party that advocates overthrow of the government by force, the issue this time differs little from last. It is useful to recall that Landis did not pass merely upon the question of whether Bridges was a Communist at the time of his arrest. "The defense lawyers," Landis said on the closing day of the hearings, "have taken the stand that Bridges never was affiliated with the Communist Party, and that therefore he is not now affiliated with the party. Since the defense takes that stand, it follows that if the government does establish that he was at any time affiliated, that affiliation must be deemed to hold true now." Only the split hair of a legal technicality distinguishes this retrial from the double jeopardy against which the Constitution protects citizen and alien alike.

Speed British Aid

PASSAGE of the aid-to-Britain bill commits the United States belatedly, but irrevocably, to the policy of making this country the arsenal for the democracies. As opponents of the bill never tired of pointing out, this policy carries certain risks. While we do not believe that the risks are nearly as great as those involved in failing to help Britain, they undeniably exist. But they are serious only in case of an Axis victory. So far Germany has practically ignored the passage of the bill, but press comments in Rome make it clear that the Axis partners regard the bill's enactment as bringing the United States into the war on a non-belligerent basis. They also make it clear that the Axis will retaliate with whatever weapons it may have at its disposal.

It is evident also that the Axis has no intention of forcing the issue to the point of a declaration of war as long as Britain remains unconquered. But our security depends more than ever on a British victory. Having taken the plunge, we dare not leave a stone unturned in the effort to give Britain full assistance in the least possible time. The President has shown that he understands the gravity of the situation by asking for an immediate appropriation of \$7,000,000,000. No intimation has been given as to how long the Administration expects this appropriation to last. Some press comments have suggested that it might last until 1942 or 1943. We cannot believe that this view is shared by the President. Estimates that have appeared in these columns indicate that Britain will need assistance to the extent of approximately \$1,000,000,000 a month if it is to hold its own against the Axis during the remainder of this year. And the need will be greatest in the next six months. If Britain is to make up its deficiencies in armament as compared with Germany, our aid must exceed the \$1,000,000,000 level during the vital spring and summer season.

Such a task can be achieved only by a fundamental

shake-up in our defense program. Shipments to the British Empire in the past six months have been averaging only about \$200,000,000 a month. In January they reached a peak of \$224,000,000. The transfers now under way from army and navy stocks—the amount is still unrecorded—will doubtless bring the March and April figures substantially above the earlier ones; but it is doubtful whether we are yet in striking distance of the \$1,000,000,000 level.

The reaching of this level is largely a problem of production. Despite recent gains, the industrial capacity of the country is still not fully organized for defense. Plane production in February was under that of January. A recent report by William S. Knudsen shows that 784 industrial plants have added to their capacity by an estimated total cost of \$2,138,000,000 with the aid or encouragement of the United States or British governments. This is but a small fraction of the 175,000 manufacturing plants in the country, a large proportion of which could aid in the defense program if a more adequate system could be organized for farming out parts.

Some stepping up in aid to Britain is also possible within the limits of present production. For some months we have been proceeding on the assumption that England was to receive half of our defense output while half was to be reserved for the American armed forces. In some types of armament this figure has undoubtedly been surpassed. Britain has been receiving from 80 to 90 per cent of our output of combat planes. But except for a few special categories, Britain has not even come close to receiving half of our defense output. This may be seen from the figures of our defense expenditures. From July to September, 1940, American military expenditures amounted to about \$200,000,000 a month, which was about equal to our shipments to the British Empire. But beginning with October our military expenditures began to rise. In November they rose to \$375,000,000; in January they amounted to \$572,000,000; and in February they reached \$596,000,000. Thus in February we were spending nearly three dollars for domestic defense for every dollar's worth of goods shipped to the British Empire. It is true our military budget includes such items as the building of barracks for the new draft army and advances for plant expansion which can scarcely be compared with actual defense production. But even allowing for these items, the fact remains that our defense expenditures greatly exceed our material aid to Britain in these critical months. If we were wholly realistic, this situation would be reversed. If we get sufficient aid to Britain and get it there quickly, there would be little need for an expansion of our own defenses. But if we fail to aid Britain adequately, we shall have to increase our present rate of defense expenditures manyfold to obtain the same protection now afforded by a free and powerful Britain.

The Vichy Front

ADMIRAL Darlan's recent threat to convoy foodships through the British blockade and to fight for their protection "so that France can eat" was clearly inspired if not ordered by Berlin. Twenty-four hours before he made his statement the German-controlled Paris radio announced he would take a threatening line, and immediately it was published the Nazi press voiced lip-smacking approval. A long step forward had been taken, in the German view, towards bringing about a clash between France and Britain that would put the former in the war on the side of the Axis.

Hitler, and even more Mussolini, has lately been made aware that sea-power is by no means obsolete. In the eastern Mediterranean the British fleet is a preponderant factor and the two dictators would dearly like to divert at least part of its strength to the task of watching the still powerful remnants of the French navy. Better still, of course, would be an actual sea battle between the former allies that would give Pétain an excuse to turn to active collaboration with Germany.

The biggest obstacle to that development hitherto has not been the Vichy government, which is wholeheartedly anti-democratic and composed of men who, in effect, have bet their shirts on a German triumph, but the strongly anti-Nazi and pro-British attitude of the French people. That was the real reason for Laval's dismissal. He was so loathed and distrusted that no policy he advocated had a chance of approval. There is now reason to believe that the Nazis recognized this fact and that their apparent struggle to reinstate him was no more than an elaborate piece of stage play which served to strengthen the popular position of Pétain and to dissociate the comparatively unknown Darlan from his predecessor.

Every day, however, it becomes more certain that, whatever Frenchmen may come and go at Vichy, the Germans remain in charge of policy. The advent of Darlan has brought no change in official propaganda, which remains viciously anti-British. The whole blame for the food shortage, from which unoccupied France is undoubtedly suffering, is ascribed to the British blockade. Nothing is said of the German requisitions of food and transport facilities and of the economic effects of the barrier dividing France. Yet even so consistent an apologist for Vichy as G. H. Archambault writes in the *New York Times*:

"France in her entirety could be self-supporting in the matter of food, were there no line of demarcation. . . . From north to south no supplies cross the line; yet the northern section is by far the more productive, particularly in cereals. How far supplies pass from south to north is not revealed beyond the indication that much fruit goes to Germany."

Replying to Darlan's threat, the British Ministry of

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Economic Warfare declared: "If there are any means of helping unoccupied France without helping Germany, the British government will always be prepared to consider them, but so far no proposal has been put forward." It is now known that last October London offered to discuss economic questions with Vichy on a *quid pro quo* basis. But the French government failed to pursue this opportunity owing, it is believed, to a Nazi veto. Recent dispatches from London make it clear this offer still holds, but it would not suit the German book for France and Britain to get together.

So now Darlan asks the United States to supply France with wheat and demands free passage through the British blockade. But he offers no concessions to Britain, no guarantees that food for France will not be the means of supplying aid to Germany, beyond a promise that the wheat in question will be consumed wholly in unoccupied France. Again and again Vichy spokesmen have bid for American sympathy and have appealed to this country for moral and material assistance. Clearly they are hoping either that Washington will put sufficient pressure on Britain to force a breach in the blockade or that a British refusal will weaken Anglo-American understanding.

According to Messrs. Alsop and Kintner "the best opinion" in Washington inclines to the view that the recent French move against the blockade was not made in Germany. Both the State Department and the President, they further report, have been working to convince the British "that something could be done about Vichy." If this be so, we hope that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hull will make certain, before interceding further with London, that Pétain's government is not acting as a front for Hitler. Will they demand proof that factories in the unoccupied zone are not furnishing war materials to Germany? Will they ask why the Italian armistice control commission in North Africa has been replaced by German officers? Will they ascertain to what extent French diplomatic missions are being forced to carry out orders from Berlin? With regard to this last point we have recently been informed on first-hand authority that the French legation in Cairo has, on instructions from Vichy, acted as paymaster for German agents in Egypt and has forwarded to the Italian representative in Syria particulars of British military and naval dispositions. Any government which undertakes such tasks for other powers can hardly be regarded as independent.

We feel that, in the circumstances, the State Department ought to be extremely chary of accepting Vichy's assurances as a basis for urging Britain to make concessions. We ought rather to press on Marshal Pétain our view that a British victory is as vital to the independent future of France as it is to our own interests. Hence if he is expecting any help from us he must prove, at least, that his government is doing no more to assist Hitler than it is compelled to by the armistice terms.

Sherwood Anderson

BY FREDA KIRCHWEY

Guatemala City, March 12

I NEVER knew Sherwood Anderson personally until I met him eleven days ago on the Santa Lucia bound for Panama and the West Coast of South America. I had known his books since my youth; indeed, they were among the books that helped to educate me—into a sort of honest confusion about sex and social problems and life in general. You couldn't help liking the man who wrote those books; you knew him as a person of great integrity and warmth and generous feeling. And after that I met him two or three times at parties—the kind of parties that effectively prevent people from getting really acquainted. But I came to know him as a person only in the last week of his life, on the way from New York to Cristobal, where I was to disembark.

It was stormy the second day out and I was happy to find him and his wife, Eleanor, in the half-empty lounge. We talked for a while before lunch. Sherwood said he was on his way to South America to meet writers in several countries and to get closer to what was going on in various cultural fields. He was not on an official errand. Although he carried letters of introduction from people in the State Department, he was on his own, a writer going to meet his fellow craftsmen on terms of friendship and common interests. He and Eleanor and I talked about the baffling problems involved in creating quickly a strong hemisphere front, counteracting influences which had been allowed a long head start, and doing the job on a basis of honest collaboration and understanding, not on one of North American dominance. If ever a man was enlisted with his whole heart in the fight for equality and freedom and a union of the democratic forces in every country, it was Sherwood Anderson. But he saw the complications too.

The next morning he was ill. From then until we reached Cristobal, where he was carried off the ship on a stretcher and taken to the hospital, I saw him only for a few minutes once or twice each day. But I felt that I knew him well by the time I said goodbye to him on the afternoon we landed. Through those three days of pain and growing weakness, he was uncompromisingly optimistic. He dismissed impatiently the suggestion that he might have to go ashore at Panama to have a proper examination. While his wife worried about the limited facilities the ship could provide, Sherwood viewed his ailment with amiable contempt. He swallowed doses and endured treatments and came through spasms of pain without relinquishing his certainty that the attack would be defeated in the end by his determination to do what he had set out to do.

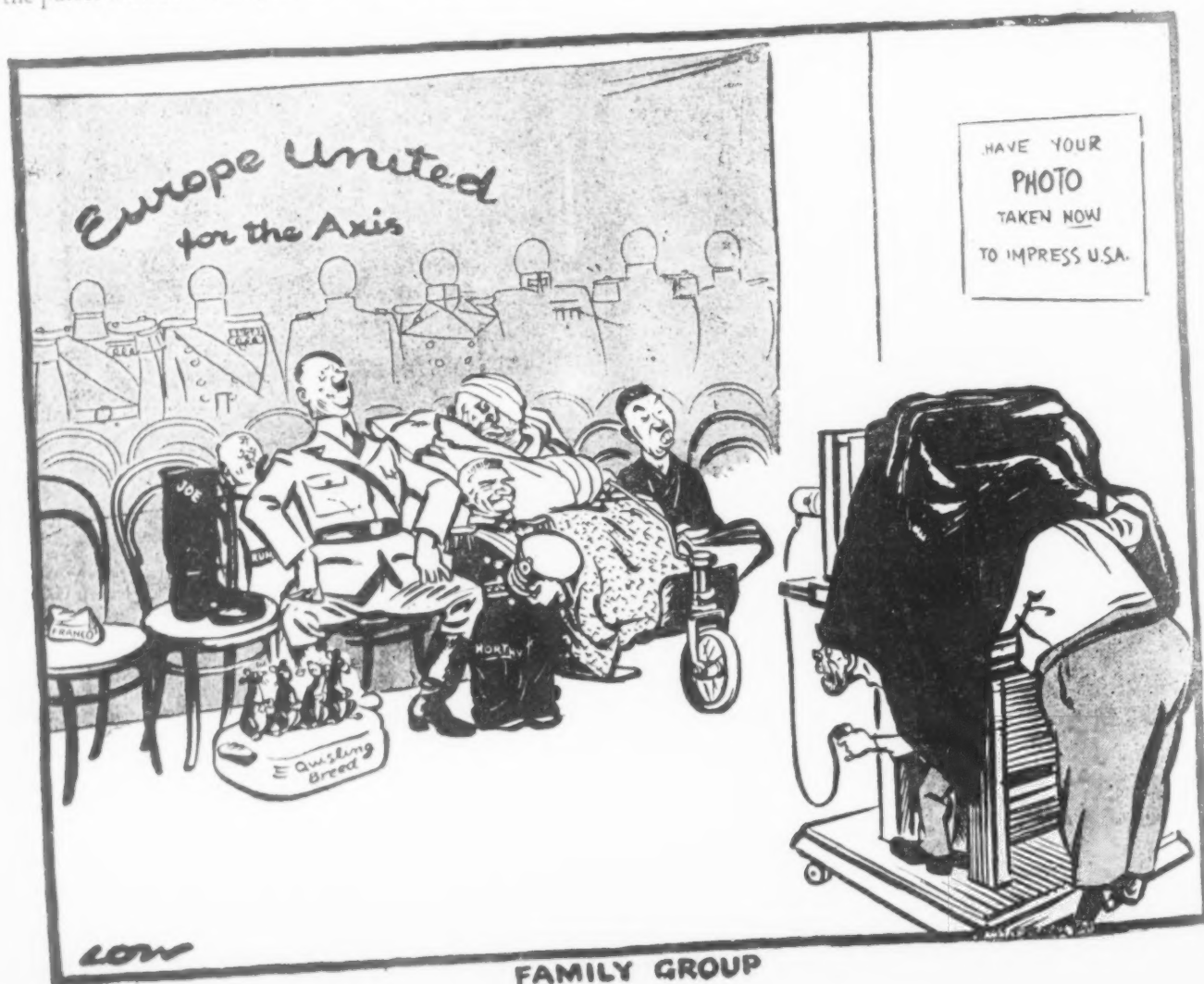
But perhaps he realized the seriousness of his condi-

tion more than he admitted. On the fourth day out he told me, with an air of humorous solemnity, that he had considered dying a noble death in the line of duty and being buried at sea. The whole event would have been written up under big headlines with crossed flags at the top of the page. "Noted author dies while carrying out mission of friendship to our southern neighbors." I told him that I thought it a poor idea and he'd get only a column in *The Nation*. He said he had decided against it anyhow, preferring South America to even the crossed flags.

On the last morning he seemed better. The barber shaved off a three-day beard and the doctor told him he might sit out in the sun for a while. When I went in to see him he eyed me with a pleased expression. "I'm feeling fine," he told me. "What you said did it. One column in *The Nation*—that settled it! I decided to call the whole thing off." But at noon he was seized with violent pains and his temperature went up. A shot of morphine did little good. Eleanor made up his mind for him and the doctor acquiesced. She began packing their bags after lunch and the purser radioed the hospital at Colon for an ambulance

to meet the boat at Cristobal. I saw Sherwood for a moment while the packing was going on. He was still in pain and still stubbornly cheerful. In a dismal attempt at lightness I said, "Well, I see you couldn't bear to go on down the coast without me." "You expect pretty costly tribute from your admirers, don't you, my girl?" he answered. "I'll let them examine me here at the Canal and do what they have to do and then I'll catch the next boat. They aren't going to spoil my trip." But I knew, and I think Eleanor knew, that Sherwood's journey had ended.

When I heard of his death three days later in Costa Rica, I felt as if I had lost an old friend instead of a recent acquaintance. I am glad I got to know him in that last valiant week of his life, for Sherwood Anderson had qualities that quickly drew him close to people he met. And I wish most earnestly that he had lived to carry out the mission he joked about. I can think of no other ambassador to Latin America who would have expressed more surely and naturally the characteristics we like to claim for our country—humor and friendliness and courage and a democratic spirit that is bred in the bone.



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O'Mahoney Sums Up

BY I. F. STONE

Washington, March 16

THE investigation made by the Temporary National Economic Committee under Senator Joseph C. O'Mahoney in the past two years and nine months will rank with the great inquiries of the past, with Frank Walsh's Industrial Commission and Samuel Untermyer's Pujo committee. Like its predecessors, the TNEC has shown the extent to which this country and its institutions, to echo Lincoln, no longer belong to the people who inhabit it. The facts are vividly summarized in Senator O'Mahoney's final statement, a document which deserves to be read by every American. To a greater extent than ever before, our economy is dominated by the corporation rather than by the individual entrepreneur. These corporations are collective enterprises without collective responsibility. "In popular discussion," Senator O'Mahoney says, "they are regarded as 'private enterprise.' But how private is such enterprise after all?"

The Senator closed the work of the committee, as he began it, with "a declaration of faith in the traditional institutions of our country." But he makes it clear that when he says "traditional" that is what he means. He does not intend to endow monster corporations, which have often irresponsibly revolutionized our ways of doing business, with the basic immunities with which we protect personal property and personal liberty. "When one considers the number of policyholders who are the owners of mutual life insurance companies like Metropolitan and Prudential, wholly national in their operation and effect, the number of stockholders and employees of a utility like American T. & T., or of an industrial like General Motors, and the stockholders, employees, and natural resources of industrials like the Standard Oil of New Jersey and United States Steel, it becomes immediately clear that there is no justification whatsoever for thinking of those units or of dealing with them as though they were natural persons clothed with the rights which are guaranteed to flesh-and-blood persons by the Constitution of the United States." We have passed, in the opinion of the Senator, as of most intelligent people, "from an individual economy to a corporate economy" and must act accordingly. The alternative before us, he says, is "free private enterprise or government planning."

The chances are that the choice, as in most epigrammatic antitheses, will not prove a real one. Given time, a measure of good will, and a minimum of stability, and the solution will no doubt combine a good deal of both.

The Senator himself is all for reviving free enterprise, i.e., enterprise free from interference by corporate monopoly as well as government official. But the possibility of turning back the clock is certainly a slim one, and his own remedy seems a puny one for so gigantic and revolutionary a change as has taken place since the 'seventies in our economy. He wants federal incorporation of all corporations operating in interstate commerce, a measure he and the late Senator Borah long championed. "The first and foremost step," the Senator says, "is to recognize that we must have a national rule for national business." With that none will disagree. Nor with his statement that "it is idle to think that the huge collective institutions which carry on modern business can continue to operate without more definite responsibility toward all the people of the nation than they now have." But one wonders whether he has gone to the heart of the matter when he says that "The Insulls and the Hopsons, the Coster-Musicas have been able to prey upon the economic system of all the people solely because they were able to secure the separate state charters which enabled them to engage in national commerce, although their creators had neither the desire nor the governmental power to regulate the commerce in which we are engaged." The railroads have long been regulated by the federal government, through the I.C.C., but that did not prevent the operations of the Van Sweringens.

One may support O'Mahoney's proposal for federal incorporation without having any great confidence that it would prove effective. The Senator wants a national charter law drafted so "as to reduce materially not only the possibilities of evasion of the anti-trust law but the difficulties of its enforcement." He wants this law written to "make corporate directors trustees in fact as well as in law." He would regulate subsidiaries through this law and "standardize intercorporate financing."

A steady stream of monographs has been issuing from the crowded archives of the committee. They are well worth watching, as are the concrete proposals put forward by its chairman. Given the complexities of business enterprise and the difficulties involved in even so seemingly simple a matter as the maintenance of competition, it is increasingly likely that some kind of administrative regulation will be necessary. Perhaps an easier way to keep the great collective enterprises of the corporation socially responsible would be to provide by law that large, widely held corporations admit the federal government into a share of their management.

Who Are the Appeasers?

BY HERBERT AGAR

SPEAKING at Columbia University recently, Harold Ickes divided our appeasers into four groups: the native fascists, the German-American Bund, the Italian fascists, and the Communists, together with their fellow-travelers. The first of these seems to me to be easily the most important. The foreign organizations are only dangerous because America does not yet take the world revolution seriously, and therefore tolerates treason against democracy. The Communists are only dangerous when they can find some bandwagon to climb aboard. Left to themselves they are a small, confused, quarrelsome, discredited group. The real menace comes from our native, non-Communist appeasers. They can reach the big public beyond range of the Communists. They can reach the patriotic public beyond range of the foreign organizations. They are dividing and bewildering the country, spreading confusion on what is really a simple issue, preventing millions of our fellow-citizens from seeing that the revolution which rages across the world is aimed against everything for which our country stands.

With his usual bluntness Mr. Ickes calls these people "native fascists." I prefer to call them appeasers, not out of politeness, but because I think my epithet is more accurate. Fundamentally there is no difference, for I include among my appeasers all those whose words and deeds are helpful to Hitler. It does not matter whether, like Lawrence Dennis, they applaud the Nazi revolution, or, like Senator Wheeler, they deplore it. They are all giving aid to Hitler.

Before trying to classify our native appeasers, I want to repudiate the theory that it is unfair to ascribe motives to one's fellow-citizens in the midst of a life-and-death debate. I think it is not only fair but necessary to ask what makes a man like Lindbergh, or a man like Hoover, drag down his country's will to resist evil. While admitting that a complete answer cannot be given, I think that unless we seek at least a partial answer we cannot protect ourselves against the harm that these men do.

It has become a game among our adversaries—among the very men who call the rest of us warmongers and anti-Americans—to protest against any attempt to analyze the motives for their own beliefs. Mr. Dennis, characteristically, has been in the forefront of those who play this game. The rules of the game are that "anything goes" when it comes to undermining and discrediting and deriding democracy, or when it comes to ascribing the most bloodthirsty plans to those who would defend

democracy all across the world, but that no harsh word must be used about those who would persuade us to accept that dark "wave of the future" which is symbolized by the new ghetto walls in Poland.

Dividing the native appeasers into sub-groups, we come first to those who sincerely believe in appeasement as a way out of the world's troubles. These people still think the primary fact about Hitler is that he represents the legitimate ambitions of a country that has been greatly wronged. They still think of the war mainly as an attempt to rectify these wrongs. Therefore they still permit themselves to think of a world in which America can do "good business" with Germany after a negotiated peace.

The unconscious motivations behind these opinions are strong. Once it is admitted that this is not a simple war for land or money, or for rectifying the Treaty of Versailles, but rather a revolution in which the stakes are the mind and soul of man, the implications are disturbing. They are especially disturbing for those who have kept themselves from knowing that the world of the 'twenties and 'thirties is dead, no matter what the outcome of the revolution. All the comfortable people who thought that we would some time, somehow, return to the happy days when there was no Roosevelt, no New Deal, no dangers that could not be denied, were given a rude shock by the fall of France—so rude, in fact, that many of them began at once to deny the implications of this awful event. The Republican convention was gathering at the time, and almost overnight the politicians agreed that it was unpatriotic to admit America's grave danger. Newspapers which a few months before had been pointing out the treasonable blindness of the appeasing governments of Europe now began to use the precise language which those governments had used. Why should we try to settle the affairs of Central Europe? Why should we assume that the Nazis had unkind thoughts about America? Why not mind our own business and attain "peace" by means of domestic "security"? The Maginot Line was gone; but there remained the Maginot Ocean.

While the affairs of Europe seemed safely distant, the American press was the most intelligent in the world, the best informed, and the most mordant about the follies of the foreign appeasers. But when the front line of the war left the fields of Flanders and moved west into the Atlantic, the American press began to sound like the press of London in 1938. And the American politicians began to sound like the politicians of Britain in 1934.

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It is not ignorance that makes sincere appeasers, that drives well-meaning men into befriending fascism. It is the awareness of a danger too great to contemplate. So long as we could persuade ourselves that our negligent society was good enough, that with all its sins it was still strong enough to survive, we were willing to see the evil in Nazism. But when France fell we had either to admit that our world needed to be reformed from the ground up or to pretend suddenly that the Nazi revolution was not as bad as it had been painted. Those whom I classify as the sincere appeasers, as the well-meaning native promoters of Hitler's revolution, are those who have accepted this easy way out. Rather than admit the sickness of our world, they minimize the wickedness of Hitler's.

Senator Taft is an example of this group. He is a sincere patriot and a man of wide knowledge. But he dare not see that Hitler has shown up the tawdriness of a democracy that is only in part democratic. He knows instinctively that the price of an all-out resistance to the Hitler revolution will be an all-out social and economic change at home. Believing that such change would be a catastrophe, he is forced to believe that Hitler does not have to be resisted, that by averting our eyes from the fate of all men everywhere we can snatch at safety in the midst of a perishing civilization.

"We know that in war there are no winners. . . . Don't let us suppose that necessarily there must be economic warfare between Germany and ourselves. . . . In my view there is room for Germany and ourselves in the trade with these countries." It sounds like Senator Taft today; but it is Neville Chamberlain in 1938. "Our will for peace is our first guarantee, our strength is our supreme guarantee. No matter what the circumstances, we are fully capable of assuring the inviolability of our frontiers." That sounds so much like Senator Taft that he has probably said it a dozen times; but the quotation is from Daladier in 1938. And in that same year Lord Halifax remarked, "Great Britain cannot be the policeman of the world."

Our Tafts, our Castles, our Vandenberg, are repeating belatedly the phrases that led France to death and England to the edge of hell. On a lower level of intelligence, our Lindberghs do the same. I suggest that there is hope of winning some of these people to the truth. They do not plan to betray their country. Sooner or later they will all know their mistake—as Chamberlain and Lothian did before their deaths, as Halifax does, as Daladier presumably does in his French jail. The question is whether we can convert them before our country is either dead or dying.

The second category of native appeasers is made up of professional peacemongers. These I think are lost souls. They have now a vested interest in confusing the American public, and there seems no reason to expect them to

relinquish their rights in this bad enterprise. They need not be consciously insincere; but they have attained a state of mental apoplexy which makes them impervious to evidence and which even deprives them of the knowledge which was once in their own minds.

The mark of this group is that its members make statements which no sane man could believe. Senator Taft has never said anything which Senator Taft might not believe. Even Lindbergh has never said anything which a Lindbergh might not believe. But those who belong to this group, such as Senator Wheeler, constantly make statements which their best friends must ascribe to overexcitement.

Senator Wheeler, because he went to high school, must have heard about the Monroe Doctrine and that it could never have been promulgated without British cooperation. Yet the other day he cried out in the Senate, "It's idiotic to say that we depend upon the British navy. We never have received any aid from the British navy." And Senator Wheeler, because he went to college, must have read about the British Empire. Yet he announced in the Senate that Canada is a "colony" of Great Britain and that the English king declares war "with Parliament not permitted to vote."

In the same speech in which the Senator made his nonsensical remark about the British navy, he told us that he has "never been under observation . . . never been in a hospital for the treatment of nervous diseases." If, therefore, we write off that excuse for his mistakes, and if we assume his sincerity, we are left with the conclusion that he must be overexcited. I suggest that the reason for this unbalancing condition is that the Senator has so identified himself with the cause of peacemongering that he can no longer tolerate the thought of a world in which that cause is lost. We have all seen similar breakdowns in the case of rich men and women whose "safe" investments have suddenly gone sour. It is not an experience which promotes the life of reason. The peacemongers, I think, will not be won to our cause in time to help save the world from destruction.

The third group of native appeasers is made up of the rabble-rousers, of which Father Coughlin is a pure example. They differ from the second group in that they are not committed to peacemongering. They are not committed to anything. In whatever field they can become a noisy nuisance, in that field they will operate. Father Coughlin has tried monetary reform, the New Deal, the anti-New Deal, the brotherhood of man, and anti-Semitism. Having failed in all these businesses, he is now setting himself up as a peacemonger. It is a mistake to call such people fascists—just as it would have been a mistake to call Father Coughlin a democrat in the days when he enthusiastically supported Roosevelt. Father Coughlin is a fascist only in the sense that

Goebbels is a fascist: They are both first-class hog-callers, ready to climb on any bandwagon—and to climb off when the going gets tough.

The next group of appeasers consists of a section of the Catholic Church. The Brooklyn *Tablet* gives voice to the views of this section, and so does Father Gillis. I am not trying to apply easy generalizations to the Catholic Church. That institution is too large and too old and too complicated for the quick classifications of journalism. Furthermore, an important group of American Catholics is among the front-fighters of our anti-Nazi, pro-democratic cause. The *Tablets* and the Father Gillises of our country are partly motivated by the ancient undying grievances of the Irish. These grievances are rooted in centuries of oppression. Nevertheless, if the Irish continue to indulge these grievances today, at the cost of forwarding a revolution which denies everything for which Ireland stands, the Irish are merely one more neurotic people who deserve the slavery which Hitler is preparing for them. The huge majority of American Catholics can be won to the cause of resisting the Nazi revolution. Many of them are already among the strongest fighters on our side. There is no insurmountable "Catholic problem" in regard to appeasement.

Composing the fifth group among the American servants of Hitler are the men who are defeatist by temperament. This is a small group, in terms of spokesmen, but it is immensely influential. It includes Lawrence Dennis, who knows that he is helping the Nazi revolution, and President Hutchins of Chicago University, who thinks that he is not. These two men would disagree on almost every problem that faces our world; yet they serve the same cause and for the same emotional reason. The emotion that binds them together is a fatalistic despair over the civilization of the modern democratic world. Dennis is glad enough to see that world go, and to ride the wave of the future. Hutchins looks out upon his opulent campus from his office window and murmurs that it is all doomed anyway, the whole great plant will soon be useless, but we can at least win a few more years for thought and self-cultivation by refusing to become tangled in the woes of our neighbors.

Robert Hutchins, the sincere democrat, is more dangerous to our democracy than Lawrence Dennis, the sincere totalitarian. For Hutchins speaks to the youth of America and tells them that democracy is so corrupt it has no right to seek to save mankind. The guilt which all true Americans must feel when they survey the American scene has afflicted Hutchins with a moral impotence. There is no man who can bewail our sins more eloquently; there is no man who can state more persuasively the hopelessness of redemption. We are so wicked, he tells us, that we are unworthy to defend democracy.

Until we have reformed at home, who are we to resist the revolution that enslaves man's mind and denies man's soul? There is no point of view that could more perfectly serve the plans of Hitler.

Finally, we have two American appeasers who fortunately do not represent a group and do not even agree with each other. Each of them stands alone in all the world, which is one of the few encouraging thoughts of our grim time. I refer to Henry Ford and Herbert Hoover. Neither of them could happen in any other country; even here neither of them has happened twice.

Henry Ford is a symbol of the American failure which so oppresses Robert Hutchins. In foreign policy he stands for ignorant American idealism, as in the peace ship, plus ignorant American isolationism. In domestic policy he stands for the failure to accept social responsibility which has made American individualism a term of reproach. Again he is not a fascist in a literal sense; he is a fascist only in that he represents one of the main reasons for fascism.

Herbert Hoover is also an anomaly. Hitler has no more stubborn helper in all the world, yet Hoover does not intend that this should be the case. In his incessant efforts to put over his plan to feed Hitler's Europe, Hoover is carrying on a one-man revolt against the foreign policy of the United States. Yet Herbert Hoover is not a friend of Nazism. He is merely an egotist who dislikes the Administration, dislikes the British, and loves to be world-important.

We cannot stay out of a revolution. We cannot appease it. We can only resist it, or accept it. And the American people will not with open eyes accept a world revolution that denies the hope of freedom. But we cannot describe the revolution without admitting that it is the necessary result of our own failure to make our democracy democratic. It is this admission, of course, which scares Joe Kennedy even more than Hitler's bombs. To Mr. Kennedy a democracy is a country where a lucky gambler can hope to make millions on the stock exchange. Incidentally, this is what the word also means to the men who coined the phrase "the corrupt plutocracies of the West." France fell rather than face the perils of attempting a true democracy. England began to move toward democracy when the knife was at its throat. Since that eleventh hour, since the war in Britain became a people's war, Britain has become the world's marvel. We too can rise to greatness, can rise above our appeasers, but only at the price of carrying on two struggles at once: a struggle at home to show we mean democracy, and a struggle abroad to resist the murderers of freedom. If we do not make the first struggle we shall not have heart for the second; and if we do not make the second we shall not have time for the first.



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STATE _____

A New World Literature

I. THE NOVEL IN INDO-AMERICA

BY LUIS-ALBERTO SÁNCHEZ

Like the majority of important Hispano-American writers, Luis-Alberto Sánchez, Peruvian, has had an active and varied career in addition to the fertile production of books. Before his exile from Peru, he was professor of American literature at the Universidad Nacional de San Marcos (Lima), the oldest university in the Americas. He was one of the most active younger allies of José Carlos Mariátegui, the great Peruvian revolutionary who gathered together in one movement the cultural and labor forces of his country, and who was cut off by death from becoming a formidable continental figure. With Mariátegui, he edited the famous magazine *Amanta* in whose pages the Indian-inspired art of José Sabogal and Julia Codesido appeared alongside literary texts which in breadth and depth of vision far surpassed the standards of *The Masses* and *New Masses*. After the fall of President Leguía and the death of Mariátegui, in 1930, Sánchez entered politics as one of the chief lieutenants of Raúl Haya de la Torre, founder of *Aprismo*. At the same time he practiced law, continued his teaching of literature, and wrote for the chief magazines of the Continent. *Aprismo* was suppressed and Sánchez was exiled. Except for a brief sojourn in Panamá, he has lived in Chile, where, in addition to his literary work, he is the editor of a leading publishing house.

Sánchez is an outstanding literary historian and critic; and his best in brilliance and scholarship is very good indeed. At little more than forty, he is the author of nearly a score of volumes, among them a history of the literature of Peru of which three volumes have appeared and "*Vida y pasión de la cultura en América*." His biographies have brought vitality to this undeveloped art form in America Hispana. Among the best are "*Don Manuel*," a portrait of González Prada, Peru's great nineteenth-century Socialist-poet; "*La Perricholi*," and "*Garcilaso Inca de la Vega*," "the first creole."—W. F.

TO SPEAK of the Indo-American novel is to speak of something contemporaneous. Although it was born at the beginning of the nineteenth century with the Mexican Lizardi's "*El Perequillo Sarniento*" (1816), it cannot be said to have evolved seriously from there. "*María*" by the Colombian Jorge Isaacs (1867) and "*Amalia*" by the Argentine José Marmol (1852) are also more like ancestors than fathers of the Hispano-American novel. Its progressive systematic evolution begins with the splendor of the realists, more strictly with the naturalistic school, about 1880. Which is to say that our novel is only sixty years old—a contemporary in the fullest meaning of the term.

This is true not only of non-Anglo-Saxon America, but also of your America. A novelistic art cannot be

said to exist merely because dozens of novels are published; but only when the novels achieve a common and progressing style. I feel that I must make this basic point (the theme of my book: "America: Novel Without Novelists") before I go on to present the state of the novel of my race in the new continent. As a common style and a durable expression, the novel in both Americas has had, indeed, little more than forty years of life. The precursors, however illustrious (a Hawthorne with you, an Isaacs with us) reveal admirable aptitude for the novel but not the *existence* of the novel as a literary genus, a collective cultural expression. The best proof of this is perhaps the pragmatic one: the average reader of a work of fiction will know by the mere text, the style, the metaphors, the mode of composition, whether the author is French, German, English, Russian; he needs as evidence the name of neither characters nor author. Is this true of the American novels before 1890-1900? I think not. They lack differentiation as a group expression of land or race. And more than any other literary form, the novel is a profound admixture of individual and collective elements.

More than any other literary form, the novel cannot free itself of its social medium; and requires both complexity and a social circuit. Where the population is thin, the novel rarely flowers. Like the orator and the dramatist, the novelist needs a dense audience. The poet can live on his own images. The novelist, although he shut himself up in a cork-lined room like Proust in order to re-live the scenes of his past, must have had beforehand much traffic with men, much friction in the world. If not, his novel will unconsciously approach the poem or the psychopathic confession. If the true role of the novel today is to replace the epic, its destiny leads it inevitably to dialogue and chorus. The interior monologue is really a stammering dialogue in which consciousness masks itself as "the unconscious" and the interlocutors take a single name to disorient the reader.

Our naturalistic Indo-American novel begins, then, at the close of the era of the great inter-American wars: those of Paraguay with the Triple Alliance (Uruguay-Argentina-Brazil); that of the Pacific (Chile-Peru-Bolivia), the wars of resistance to the Spanish reconquest, and of Mexico against the French forces of Maximilian. The "populist," quasi-sociological tone of this novel surely owed much to the sudden wide contacts of social classes in the grip of war. Thus only can be explained the

unheralded rise of the indigenous novel of Peru, which until then had been put off by a kind of tacit conspiracy. Doña Clorinda Matto de Turner's *"Aves sin Nido"* reflects and prophesies a multitudinous unrest. Something similar occurs in Mexico where romances of the war against Maximilian flourished. The novel in Argentina had a different beginning. Sudden wealth sent an "élite" to Europe (1880-1890); and they returned drenched with Parisianism. The novels of Eugenio Cambáceres, Lucio Vicente López, Leguizamón, etc., reveal this new passion. *"La Gran Aldea"* of López ("the big village," of course, is Buenos Aires) was not only a work of literary art but a notable human document. Typical also was the gallicized *"Música Sentimental"* of Cambáceres.

Born now as realism, the novel makes its way and within a few years reaches something like maturity. However, it does not yet become a focus of strong, individualized lives; it remains liquid before the external. In all the major examples of the Indo-American novel, the objective world rules over the personal, over aspiration, will, and spirit.

THE INDIVIDUAL AGAINST THE LANDSCAPE

If one factor better than another explains our American soul and, by the same token, our novel, it is this impotence of the individual before the cosmos, before society, and before the landscape. The European (in his novel) dominates his medium; so much so, that when (as in the tales of the Abbé Prévost and Chateaubriand) he crosses the sea and penetrates the prairies and jungles of America, he cuts his own personal path through chaos. The American, son of this European, when he would interpret and master his own world, falls under its spell; is overwhelmed, and muted. Witness the catastrophe in such works as *"La Vorágine"* by the Colombian José Eustacio Ribera, in *"Canaan"* and *"The Illumined Voyage"* by the Brazilian Graça Aranha, in *"Doña Bárbara"* by the Venezuelan Rómulo Gallegos, in Zalamea Borda's *"Cuatro Años abordo de mi mismo"*: the authors become bewildered and sightless catechumens under the overpowering mastery of the *ambiente*. In contrast to the Europeans, the natural chaos penetrates them, saturates and humiliates them. They are authors of great sensibility, of experience, even of wisdom: nevertheless, they succumb before the external world they have tried to picture. And this, in great part, is also the condition of the novelists of the United States; in their case the overwhelming jungle is not rural but urban—but on that account no less victorious over the artist who would describe it.

Of coincidences and discrepancies between North American and Indo-American novels, more some other time. Suffice it now to say that inferiority before his theme is characteristic of our novelists. One modern author, Eduardo Mallea of Argentina, scarcely gets out a stammer before his city, *"La Ciudad junto al Río inverosímil."*

If Ricardo Güiraldes in *"Don Segundo Sombra"* and *"Xamánica"* moves free through his Argentine pampas, this is because in great measure his landscapes are domestic, his own personal property, features of his paternal ranch rather than of the common panorama.

It may be said that terror is logical before such jungles and such plains. But compare the attitude of Guillermo Enrique Hudson, Argentine by birth, Englishman by race, culture, mentality, and language. His books—*"Purple Land," "Long Ago and Far Away," "El Ombligo"* are of Argentina; *"Green Mansions"* is an idyll of the jungle of Venezuela—reveal tenderness, not stupefaction. The author, in order to dominate, holds himself aloof from his landscape, detached from his theme; whereas our writers with mystical gesture merge in their land and its dramas. The essential difference leads to another reflection: so immature are our novelists that they have not yet won the capacity of contemplation which requires immunization from what is contemplated. This trait (it holds also for the North American novel) is that of richly endowed, impetuous youth which still believes in magic.

The case of Hudson and of that other Anglo-Indo-American, Cunningham Graham, who pillaged the same regions, brings us to a generalization. Both Venezuela and Argentina are plains, immense, desolate, infinitely promising. Both have known the days, not yet extinct, of the wild plunging horse flung into frenzied assault. Both have become the source of vital novels. But for different reasons. Argentina, like Brazil, has a sturdy novelistic growth because it is an evolving nation of numerous population and of opposing forms of country and city life. In Argentina we find a various novelistic fauna: social and historical, as in Manuel Gálvez; studies of creole genre as in Güiraldes and Fernando Gilardi; picaresque-rural as in Roberto Payró and Benito Lynch; tales of passion, agony, domestic struggle—even of domestic ingenuousness in the novels of Gustavo Martínez Zuviria who writes his books "that his children may read them." In Brazil are novels of equal variety in style and theme. Without pausing over the chaste, smooth form of Machado de Assis, one of the great classics of Brazil, let me note the extraordinary distances (within a national mode) between the solid symbol-laden form of Aranha, the restless and poetic texture of Jorge Amado, the subtle irony of Monteiro Lobato, to note only a few. In both Argentina and Brazil the novel is maturing within the still general Indo-American immaturity.

SOCIAL-POLITICAL THEMES

In Venezuela on the other hand, as in Mexico and Ecuador, novels (already numerous) cannot escape the direct social-political motive. The best of Venezuela (Dio Gil, Rufino Blanco-Fombana, Pocaterra, Otero Silva, even the later works of Uslar Pietri, Gallegos, Padrón,

and, in the past, of Díaz Rodríguez) reveal their immediate inspiration in contemporary events; often they are *romans-à-clef* with direct satirical objectives. Those of Uslar Pietri, Gallegos, and Padrón do not come under this last stricture. "*Las Lanzas Coloradas*," "*Canaima*," and "*Madrugada*" are good examples. In Ecuador the novel was tame and serene ("*Cumandá*" by Juan León Mera is the highest expression of this beginning); and in the past ten years has become a truly amazing voice for the country's social and sexual problems. Fernando Chávez writes of the Indians' exploitation in "*Plata y Bronce*"; but his voice is timid compared to the passionate outbursts of Demetrio Aguilera Malta, Joaquín Gallegos Lara, Enrique Gil Gilbert, Alfredo Pareja ("*Muelle*," "*Baldomera*")—all novelists of the Pacific Coast. In the high Sierra appears a political novelist, at times more propagandist than artist, Jorge Icaza, whose famous "*Huasi-pungo*," for all its merits, seems to me inferior to his book of stories, "*Barro de la Sierra*."

Not different is the case of Mexico. The generation of 1927 wrote Platonic tales, from which immediate reality had been refined away. Such are the elegant pages of Jaime Torres Bodet ("*Margarita de la Niebla*"), Xavier Villaurrutia ("*Dama de Corazones*"); now a generation more loyal to the drama of the land moves to the front. Jorge Ferretis confesses in one of his prologues that he is writing ethnography as well as fiction. Gregorio López y Fuentes ("*El Indio*" and "*Arrieros*") and Rubén Romero ("*El Pueblo Inocente*," "*Mi Caballo, mi perro y mi rifle*") use the æsthetic weapon to get to the essence of their people. And the same is true of Mauricio Magdaleno in whose "*El Resplandor*" high skill and beauty give birth to bitterness. The same bitterness inspires the work of the most famous Mexican novelist of our day, Mariano Azuela, whose works ("*Los de Abajo*," "*Las Moscas*," "*San Gabriel de Valdivias*," etc.) are scarcely songs of the revolution; or, if they are songs, they are accompanied by funeral drums; but not on that account less forceful and able. On the other hand, "*El Águila y la serpiente*" by Martín Luis Guzmán is a series of straight, living revolutionary pictures.

Other countries of our world have other accents. (The reader will not forget that limitations of space force me to be extremely schematic.) I shall say little of the embryonic novel of Peru. We have good short-story tellers; first of all Abraham Valdelomar ("*El Caballero carnelo*"), Enrique López Albújar ("*Cuentos Andinos*"), Fernando Romero whose promise is great ("*Doce novelas de la selva*"), José Diez Canseco ("*Estampas Mulatas*"). Less good can be said of our novel, although one novelist of high quality has appeared, Ciro Alegría, in whose work the relations of Indian and mestizo are illumined ("*La serpiente de oro*," "*Los perros hambrientos*"). This is a theme of central importance in a country whose ancient Inca culture reached a splendid maturity and still

deeply and visibly infuses the present. The novel of Peru is still a gesture, although titles are copious. "*Tungsteno*" by Peru's greatest contemporary poet, Cesar Vallejo, is a sketch for a novel. The talent and energy of the author save it perhaps from its inherent weaknesses; but neither its theme nor its frequently schematic and exhortatory tone justifies the enthusiasm, partisan rather than literary, that has greeted it as well as that other far superior tale, "*Fablo Salvaje*." The greatest number of Peruvian novels turn about the cant themes: anecdotes of creole and *zambo* life in Lima, or of stereotyped Indians of the Sierra. In this group, we must again mention Clorinda Matto de Turner whose precursor novel, "*Aves sin Nido*," without the huge resonance of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," played a similar part in arousing our society by its pathetic picture of the humiliating condition of the Indians and the abuses of the clergy.

The war novel (after a whole literature inspired by the wars of Paraguay with the Triple Alliance, including a fine trilogy by the Argentine Manuel Gálvez) flourishes anew with the recent struggle in the Chaco. Both Bolivians and Paraguayans have striven to capture in pulsing pages the drama of their people. To be sure, this is a novel as yet too allusive and without horizons; both chronicle and story. Prematurely, Oscar Ceruto freed himself from the mere reporting of events, in "*Aluvión de Fuego*"; and on the other hand Augusto Céspedes, also a Bolivian, has wrongly confined himself to the story. But there are beautifully achieved tales like "*Repete*" of Lara, the romances of Toro Ramallo, Baldovinos: a whole young forest of novels fiery, impassioned, and above all quick with sorrow and revolt. On both its Bolivian and Paraguayan slopes, the Chaco novel is revolutionary and of small comfort to the patrioteer. What stands out is the cruel sacrifice; the sense that the horrible battles of the jungle could have been avoided.

TOWN VERSUS COUNTRY

The Chilean novel presents the problem of the rival *foci* of town and country; and until the present, the rural work predominated. In this genre, Mariano Latorre, author of "*Zurzulita*," "*Cuentos del Maule*," "*Chilenos del Mar*," has been unique and left a school whose best disciple is Luis Durand. Other important names in the group are Fernando Santiván, Juanario Espinosa, Marta Brunet, Pedro Prado (more poetic), Rafael Maluenda, author of the delightful "*La Pachacha*." But today, the novel of Chile follows another trend. The rural novel was clothed in an apparent gaiety, gave a note of country holiday not unrelated to the gaucho novels of Argentina which painted happy gauchos like "*Don Segundo Sombra*" or contrite, sophisticated gauchos like "*Zogoibi*" of Enrique Larreta. In sharp contrast is the crude, rending pathos of the novel of the Chilean city. It begins perhaps with Baldomero Lillo, although already in the

classic works of Alberto Blest Gana the urban anxiety appears. The workers' suburb, poverty, the loom of the factory, were already present in *"El Roto"* of Joaquín Edwards Bello—a novel twenty-five years old and still timely. In this vein belong significant writers: Alberto Romero, Juan Modesto Castro; and, among the youngest novelists, Nicomedes Guzmán and Juan Godoy, whose *"Angurrientos"* is a story of both city and field, of both the outward and the inward man.

This brings us to the basic question: Is there *inwardness* to the Indo-American novel? or does it consist principally of anecdote, episode, detail? Alas! the second is closer to the truth. In addition to the fundamental reasons for this which I have suggested, this externality has circumstantial causes. The writer of our continent is hampered by many social taboos, by a poor economic status, by his frequent need of a bureaucratic job in order not to starve, by the lack of a broad public, by his ineptitude for truly intimate confession, by the congenital American extroversion. We have no autobiographical novels; except certain aspects of the work of Teresa de la Parra, Díaz Rodríguez, and one or more partially emancipated writers. Nor do we produce memoirs; or, if we do, the authors think more of the effect of their work than of the need of sincerity. Without these ingredients, the truly lyrical, truly profound personal novel cannot rise. A few modern writers strive to appear intimate, but they fail to hide their purpose, which is to equivocate and deform the deep impulse of self-confession. But if we lack the authentic novelized autobiography and the autobiographical novel, biography itself emerges, distinguished, since 1930. Here, the success of the Cubans, Jorge Mañach, Felix Lizaso, has been considerable as well as that of the Uruguayan Telmo Manacorda, the Argentine Galvez, and the Mexican Martín Luis Guzmán.

ANTHOLOGY OF THE IMPOSSIBLE

If, according to Thibaudet, the novel is "an anthology of the possible," the Indo-American novel has been, paradoxically, an anthology of the impossible. Not in the fantastic sense of Jules Verne, nor in the sense of free imagination as in the tales of Stevenson and Jack London; but because with excessive delight it has abused its literary instrument to give voice to the most unrealizable dreams, at times to the most bitter animosities, and only rarely to purposive aspirations. Reality remains on the margin, reduced to servant, vassal, slave, of the author turned prophet—a most regrettable phenomenon.

In all of which, despite many contradictions and within an analogous incipience and simultaneous old age, the Indo-American novel resembles the novel of the United States; through its chaos, its indiscipline, its shouts and outcries in lieu of voice; lacking both the articulation of the word and of truth. But now that Europe also throws out its heritage of measure and gives itself to an orgy

of inarticulate ejaculations, civilization begins to make us all alike. Sinking into chaos, the march of us all may be broken. A fecund pause may come alike to the Americas, to Australia, to Europe, to Asia, even to Africa. This forced truce in the disoriented forward lunge of life may well prove fertile. It may help us to get hold of ourselves; and then to place the right foot forward in the paths of the universal novel.

(Translated by Waldo Frank)

In the Wind

THE STORY is told of a Nazi agent who was captured in a Dutch East Indian colony and offered his guard a thousand guilders to set him free. The guard refused. The Nazi offered double the sum, and the guard hesitated. Taking this as a sign of weakness, the prisoner asked if the guard's silence meant that he accepted. "All right, you can go," said the guard, "I get half a guilder for every Nazi I kill."

IN THE REAL ESTATE section of the New York Times for March 13 the following headline appeared: Boris Karloff Rents East 66th St. Suite: Other Tenants Go to East and West Side Houses.

AMERICANA: A shining delivery wagon visits new inhabitants of Quincy, Mass., to deliver a free pair of silk stockings, face powder, a car greasing, a pound of coffee, a case of ginger ale, a suit or dress cleaned free, an alarm clock, classified ads in local newspapers, and flowers. This dispensation of the Chamber of Commerce is known as the Welcome Wagon Service and is being copied by many of the new boom towns.

A LAW CASE that has been tabled for ten years will soon be pushed to a final conclusion. It concerns one Abraham Friedman, a medical student who ten years ago was expelled from Flower Hospital Medical College in New York. Mr. Friedman will claim that the reason for his expulsion was his refusal to take an examination on a Jewish holiday. His lawyers and backers feel that if the college can be forced to pay damages they may succeed in breaking the back of the notorious anti-Semitism in medical schools.

EDWIN S. FRIENDLY, business manager of the New York Sun, recently spoke before the Advertising Club and condemned the use of misleading superlatives in newspaper advertising. Mr. Friendly cited five common examples. His speech was reported in his own newspaper on a page that also contained the advertisement of a large department store. All of Mr. Friendly's horrible examples were to be found in that advertisement.

[We invite our readers to submit material for *In the Wind*—either clippings with source and date or stories that can be easily authenticated. A prize of \$5 will be awarded each month for the best item.—EDITORS THE NATION.]

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A Native at Large

BY JONATHAN DANIELS

Schooling for Defense

THERE are also the children of defense. As everybody very well knows, the movement of young men into the camps has pushed the American army beyond the number of a million men. More men—young, middle-aged, and old—have moved into jobs in the increasing industries of defense. Their women have moved with many of them, the admiral's wife and the lady of the mechanic doing her washing at the rear of the trailer. Now the federal commissioner of education reports that, with their elders, 250,000 children have also been moved. The army and navy have joined him in asking for \$115,000,000 to help local school boards meet the problem.

No friend of these children of defense will object if the expenditure per child on the basis of the figures given amounts to \$460 apiece. That sum is only to help local school boards, though it will include new school buildings. It is interesting, however, that the latest available figures show that in the United States the average annual expenditure per school child in daily attendance was \$83.87. The highest figure reported was \$147.65 in New York, the lowest \$28.19 in Mississippi.

As money is being spent for defense, I am not objecting to a little lavishness in expenditures for the children. But the children who are the last line of defense are certainly not all congregated in defense centers. Even the schools they attend in the camps and the factory towns are not in general more crowded or more poorly equipped than are those which millions of other American children attend. Indeed, if the estimate of the children in defense centers is correct, they are a smaller number than the third of a million children of the migrants whom Dr. Will Alexander, former head of the Farm Security Administration, reported were living in transient camps, trailers, tents, and squalid tourist camps before the big movement of defense started in America. Some of them undoubtedly have moved with their papas to the eagerly sought jobs about the new camps and the new factories. There are still others moving to pick beans and pull up beets.

And not all the poor school conditions are in the places to which people move. Some are behind them in the places they left. In September, 1940, Fillmore County, Nebraska, reported: "Our problem is one of

decreasing population. Our people are moving from the farms to Iowa, Illinois, and Oregon. Several of our rural schools have been closed because the attendance would only be one, two, or three." Indeed, the first fact in America so far as its children are concerned is that the most children are in the areas where the population pressure on resources is the greatest. These children make problems which are not merely rural. In Philadelphia last June officials discovered that six or seven thousand children from six Southern states had come to the Pennsylvania city without their parents to attend the schools.

Like housing for defense, schooling for defense is, as the heads of the army and navy agree, a matter in which the federal government must assume responsibility. Increasingly, however, it is hard to see how such responsibility can be restricted to a few crowded defense towns. This has always been an America in movement. Defense has merely emphasized national responsibility to the nation's children in the few places where it is most dramatic, most appealing.

Education, of course, is provided not merely to meet the needs of the future of the children and the nation, but also to serve parents' contentment now. The best workers presumably will hesitate to take their children into crowded centers with crowded schools. Army and navy men, who are ordered to localities, presumably have a right to ask the government to see to it that their children have decent schools. I have seen some of the packed schools in the defense towns now and I certainly would not say a word against making them better. But the children of defense are not merely in the defense towns. Before the selective draft was instituted, the highest ratios of enlistments came from Southern states where the families are the biggest and the schools least adequate—from the areas which are providing the population increase of the whole country.

All I say is that schooling for defense must in any realistic sense include the schooling of all. Of course, the government should help the overwhelmed school boards in the towns it has crowded. But no dramatic, comparatively lavish expenditure in a few communities will meet either the responsibility or the task. There are not only the schools defense has packed but the schools it has emptied. And there is the whole body of the children of an America where the biggest families get the worst schools and hundreds of thousands of America's defenders tomorrow get no schooling at all.

BOOKS and the ARTS

The Evil in Man

THE NATURE AND DESTINY OF MAN: A CHRISTIAN INTERPRETATION. I. HUMAN NATURE.

By Reinhold Niebuhr. Charles Scribner's Sons, \$2.75.

THE fact that man is parceled out by the play of forces in our modern societies creates an appeal to collective tyrannies. But precisely when man wishes to be "total," the state will never be totalitarian. The first necessity of our time, then, is to rediscover the total man and his definition. The undertaking is in some measure facilitated by the present crisis, for this crisis makes violently manifest, even to the most myopic eyes, certain terrifying potentialities of man, which other more stable epochs were able not to see, and thus hastened to deny or to repress.

All anthropology is therefore important today—and that which Mr. Niebuhr gives us is doubly so, for if one accepts his central thesis it furnishes the key to almost all the errors committed by modern *isms*; and if one does not accept it, it nevertheless forces the reconsideration of these *isms* in a hitherto neglected aspect: in their aspect of evil, essential, inevitable, secretly desired.

Mr. Niebuhr's point of departure is the Biblical conception of man: a being involved in finite nature but at the same time possessing the liberty to transcend himself ad infinitum, to understand himself from a point outside nature, outside his finite self, and, finally, outside the very consciousness of his selfhood. Hence "the essential homeliness of the spirit" in a finite world.

The first part of the book wages a battle on two fronts: on the one hand, against rationalistic systems, idealist or mystical, which lose sight of the concrete limitation of the individual; on the other hand, against the materialistic and naturalistic systems which lose sight of the liberty of man. The common denominator of all these contradictory systems reveals itself, finally, in their incapacity to comprehend the reality of evil except as an "error" related to a bad society, to a bad ethics, to a backward culture. But to ignore the essential reality of evil is to ignore the reality of man.

The only defect of this first section is inherent in the fact that it is concerned with a didactic exposition. Despite all the realism of the author, the systems appear sometimes as entities deduced one from another. This can impair the polemic value for their time of certain ideologies which were more often undergone than dialectically composed. But this reservation does not apply to the excellent analyses of Marxism and of romanticism which conclude the first section, nor to the second part of the book which is informed throughout by a penetration at once acute and moving.

Following Kierkegaard, Mr. Niebuhr sees the origin of sin in the essential liberty of man, in the "dizziness" and anxiety which overwhelm the individual in the measure that he discovers the contradictory possibilities opened to him by his capacity to transcend himself and by his natural limitation. "The temptation to sin lies in the human nature itself.

This situation is that man as spirit transcends the temporal and natural process in which he is involved, and also transcends himself." Thus his freedom is the basis not only of his creative but of his destructive power—of his temptation. For the essential temptation "resides in the inclination of man, either to deny the contingent character of his existence (in pride and self-love) or to escape from his freedom (in sensuality). . . . It is not his finiteness, dependence, and weakness but his anxiety about it which tempts the man to sin." Sin is the inevitable abuse which man makes of his essential liberty, an abuse which shortly leads to the loss of his liberty. Sin then is neither a moral accident nor an error which could be corrected by a better education. Whether man sins out of idealistic pride, out of weakness in alienating his selfhood in the mass, in race, in sex, or in mystical nihilism, man lies to himself and knows it without admitting it. Moreover, this fundamental dishonesty is the only proof of the existence in man of the "*justicia originalis*."

Marx and Freud had already made us aware of certain attitudes of ambivalence or half-conscious dishonesty in our social or personal conduct. They came nearer than the bourgeois rationalists to the Biblical vision of man. But Niebuhr goes further than they in their own direction and thus makes clear the insufficiency of their systems. His critique encompasses, moreover, far more than the non-Christian ideologies. It also brings a radical accusation against the idealism and the complacency of a Christianity become the accomplice of bourgeois values which are essentially superficial, if one may risk that conjunction of words. An anthropology such as that of Niebuhr can become a historic factor, "active" in this sense, that it unmasks the fundamental weakness of our modern world: its naïvete in the presence of evil. Why are our democracies so easily disarmed, helpless, and as it were fascinated before evil incarnated in Hitler? Why do they persist so stubbornly in seeing in him only an accidental aberration—which has the practical effect of putting to sleep awareness of the menace? Because the democracies are first of all blind to the evil which is also within themselves, to the nature of sin inherent in "the human situation in itself." The most open-minded of our intellectuals still recoil before what seems to them the greater extravagance: the Biblical affirmation of sin. This prejudice is explained in good part by the fault of Christians themselves who have held and encouraged the belief, for two or three centuries, that evil was a moral category, or that it simply comprised all who were opposed to the bourgeois world and troubled its easy conscience.

I have come to believe that the "essential superficiality" of the bourgeois world arises from the simple fact that our democracies—above all the American democracy—does not believe in the devil. But why do they not believe? Because of anxiety. Evil is a fact, but it is also a scandal. All of our modern optimism and perfectionism is in reality only a desperate flight, and as such profoundly ambivalent, before this unacceptable fact. And how can man not take flight and not lie to himself if he no longer has a vision of transcendent

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salvation, of grace? *Somnium narrare vigilantis est*, wrote Seneca. By the same token, to confess the lie inherent in the sin would be the act of a man assured of pardon. Beyond this point I have no answer. But I believe the question to be correctly posed.

Dr. Niebuhr clarifies many confusions and introduces a preliminary and indispensable order. One may think, to be sure, that lectures, even Gifford Lectures, are not a very redoubtable weapon against the demoniac forces—but essentially human, I repeat—which are now unleashed. But if these lectures are read, they will contribute vitally to an unmasking of the reality of the demon among us. And the first trick of Satan, as André Gide so profoundly remarked, is to make us believe that he does not exist.

DENIS DE ROUGEMONT

A Tribute to Milles

CARL MILLES: AN INTERPRETATION OF HIS WORK.

By Meyric R. Rogers. Yale University Press. \$15.

MILLES is a sculptor of vigorous energies, high spirit, and remarkably fluent and graceful invention, an enthusiast with taste, and a folk craftsman of instinctive sophistication who possesses a genuine aptitude for bringing the eccentricity of the present imagination and the archaism of the studio out of their traditional confines into the public uses of the park, the garden, and the modern city. He is a designer of predominantly decorative and architectural inclinations, a stylist in the tradition of Bernini, Barye, and Carpeaux, who is saved by his mastery of scale and dramatic motives both from the refined pedantry that limited the work of Eric Gill and from the inflationary grossness that lamed the gifts of Bourdelle and Manishi. His heroic sense has been redeemed from mere ceremonial grandiloquence by the realism of his humanitarian feeling and from rhetoric by a native talent for gnomic humor and the grotesque. He has never found his best expression in the purely monumental or serious subject. His ideal occasion is the fountain. He has taken the low tank or watering-trough of the market-place and the most sumptuous bowls and urns of formal gardens and built within their confines the most brilliantly mobile arrangements of figures and allegories, the most ingenious constructions of spouts, water-sheaves, and raining sprays, that have appeared since Bernini brought the Roman fountain-art to its height in the seventeenth century. His work in this line is as brilliant a correction of the stolid unaquatic masonry of Carpeaux and the French school as of the sentimental trivialities of English or American garden art. His mannerisms never approach insincerity, his allegory is curbed from Manishi's violence by the charm of his modesty and realism, and once he had learned the lesson of Rodin's monumental style, he recognized his weakness in the epic and purely plastic orders of imagination early enough to draw away from that master and thus to save his own talent from the brutality of massive force that afflicted most of Rodin's disciples. He is a master of fancy, a national stylist of the first order, a superb decorative manipulator of bronze and wood, and one of the foremost craftsmen of our time.

All this is superbly illustrated in Mr. Rogers's volume, one of the most beautifully printed monographs on sculpture

that have appeared in America. Its photographs lack the unity of style and brilliance of illumination that distinguished the recent Phaidon volumes on Michelangelo and Rodin, but they have been taken with sufficient care to exhibit the full range of Milles's inventions, technical methods, and the scope of his themes and motives.

They are far from showing all that Mr. Rogers claims for Milles's genius. He calls his commentary an "interpretation" but it might better have been called an homage or appreciation. It pays deserved honor to Milles's integrity, craftsmanship, and taste and to the personal courage of his career which has expressed itself in the variety and boldness of his public commissions, but it indulges so freely in an unqualified and officious order of homage that it misses a critical discrimination of Milles's talent and thus seriously misrepresents its special quality. Mr. Rogers writes in the language of a curator, and from curators we have come to expect little criticism. The remarks in his Foreword on "form" and "abstraction" may perhaps be taken as the axioms or prejudices on which the ensuing essay is based, but they are inert and mandatory beyond any usefulness. Mr. Rogers presents Milles as a master of "the paradox that is art," by which he means a revelation of "the essential simplicity of natural form so that we may be able to apprehend its infinite complexity." But this crude formulation only emphasizes what Milles falls short of and what Mr. Rogers has completely missed: the nature of genuine plastic authority and the special requirements of sculptural form. To compare Milles with a craftsman of his own type, sources, and purposes like Mestrovic is to see at once his shortcomings in vision and structural sensibility; to compare him with men of more intense humanistic or æsthetic capacities like Barlach, Meunier, Gaudier, Lehmbruch, or Rodin is to see how boldness of invention and ebullience of fancy can sap the strength of genuine plastic dynamism; to compare him with abstractionists like Brancusi is to set up a destructive antithesis of aims; to compare him, more reasonably, with the finest achievement of Maillol is to be abruptly reminded of what the central character of sculpture is and how far Milles has missed it.

His achievement is sufficiently secure without Mr. Rogers's extravagant claims and irrelevant arguments on original authority. The work of few modern sculptors can be more freely and pleasantly enjoyed, especially when Milles is working in his true medium and purposes. His Orpheus, Triton, Europa, Folkunga, Poseidon, and St. Louis fountains are among the most rigorous and graceful examples of public art in our time; his bowls, doors, and bas-reliefs are admirable examples of soundly applied structural decoration; the Rudbeckius, Swedenborg, Peace, and Swedish Tercentenary monuments sharply define his limitations; his isolated nudes and figures have difficulty in maintaining their formal independence; his recent "Nature and Man" figures in Radio City show, for all the beauty and intricacy of their woodwork, how badly mistaken his tendency to grotesque artifice can be. It is unfortunate that so honest and hearty a craftsman, so scrupulous a designer, and so genuine a revivalist of the best elements in the archaistic tradition should be made to suffer by the comparisons and references entailed by Mr. Rogers's extravagant claims in this sumptuous but critically uniformed monograph.

MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

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Countermine Against Hitler

HOW TO WIN THE WAR. By "An Englishman." Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.25.

HITLER'S real secret weapon, the author of this book argues, is a political one—the disintegration of the social structure of his opponents. Analysis of his campaigns, beginning with that against Austria, certainly supports this view but there is all too little evidence that the controllers of British policy have made such an analysis and drawn the inevitable conclusions.

With a conviction that gains from the sobriety of his style, "An Englishman" shows how wishful thinking blinded the Foreign Office to the nature of the Hitler revolution from the beginning. Deluded by fears of Bolshevism, it treated Nazism as a rough but essentially conservative movement which could be placated and tamed by kind treatment. Even now, with appeasement dead and buried, the British government still hesitates to turn against Hitler his own methods of social disintegration.

Behind the German lines, even within the boundaries of the Reich itself, tens of millions of Hitler's victims provide explosive material for a democratic counter-revolution. This book sets out a program which could rally them to form a second, secret front against their Nazi oppressors. But to put this plan into action the British government must strengthen democracy at home by showing its willingness and ability to subordinate the rights of private property to national needs. And it must convince the people of Europe, whom it would attract to its side, that it is not merely aiming to restore the *status quo* but has a real alternative to Hitler's super-state.

In order to carry out a democratic counter-revolution, "An Englishman" suggests, three departments of the government must be entirely reconstructed—the Foreign Office, the Ministry of Information, and the Home Office. Writing obviously with inside knowledge, he explains how ill-equipped these departments are for the promotion of a dynamic policy. A particularly illuminating chapter is that on the Home Office which stupidly classified refugees as "enemy aliens" and thrust them into concentration camps. That mistake has now been partly remedied but Britain is still wasting exiled talent able to supply leadership for an anti-Nazi revolution.

Directed as it is at British policy, this book can also be of great value in this country, for all too many Americans still fail to appreciate the scope of Hitler's ambitions and the techniques he employs to fulfill them. I would criticize only its cursory and overoptimistic treatment of the Russian problem. If "sentimental hatred of Bolshevism" on the part of the right is a danger to realistic thinking, so is the sentimental affection of the left. "An Englishman" suggests that a *modus vivendi* with the Soviets may be found by confining the democratic revolution to the West and leaving Stalin to organize the East. Such a proposal can be based only on superficial knowledge of the Balkans. If we can trust such an authority as Stoyan Pribichevich, author of "World Without End," the land-loving, highly individualistic peasants of eastern Europe are hardly likely to be brought to revolt against Hitler's feudal policies by the equally abhorred alternative of collectivization.

KEITH HUTCHISON

DRAMA

A Pretty Problem

WHATEVER else one may or may not feel inclined to say about it, there is no doubt that the revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma" at the Shubert Theater provides a very agreeable evening of irresponsible wit and satiric farce-comedy. Of Katharine Cornell's performance as the incredible Mrs. Dubedat I shall say something presently; the others range all the way from the superb (Cecil Humphreys as Sir Ralph) through the highly satisfactory (Raymond Massey as Sir Cecil) to the merely acceptable; but thanks to smooth and skilful direction the whole is blended so perfectly that one is hardly aware of the unevenness and comes away with the conviction that the play has been made to yield pretty much all that it can.

"The Doctor's Dilemma" is, to be sure, not quite Shaw at his best. It was written in 1906 between "Major Barbara" and "Getting Married" and, unlike either of these two, is one of those plays in which the author makes no really serious attempt to expound systematically a major tenet of his creed. Instead, as in "Candida," "You Never Can Tell," and various others, he merely uses an artificial theatrical situation as an opportunity to take pot shots at this or that and occasionally simply to show off. The result is something which even thirty-five years later seems a great deal shrewder and funnier than ninety-nine out of a hundred plays. It is also something which forces even an old pro-Shavian like myself to admit how right the stuffiest of conventional critics were when they complained that however much intelligence there might be in the plays there was no human nature in the characters.

In the present instance, it will be remembered, the inventor of a new cure for tuberculosis who is able at the moment to take only one more patient, is faced with the problem of deciding whether he will choose to save a worthy nonentity or a brilliant but scoundrelly young artist. The dilemma itself is more ingenious as a problem in casuistry than credible as a situation, and Shaw, faced as he so often is with the impossibility of choosing between his Nietzschean self and his Puritan self, does not even solve the problem. Instead, he escapes the necessity of doing so by making the doctor sacrifice the genius, not because

the doctor himself has decided the question on the terms in which it is stated, but because he is mildly in love with the artist's wife and wishes at least to spare her the knowledge of what a cad her husband is. Worse yet, however, is the fact that none of the principal characters is credible as a human being and that each is merely a counter to be moved in any manner which will serve to state the situation and work out a solution. The artist himself comes straight out of the paper-backs and exists only because his creator informs us that he will take as his first premise a genius who is also a sponger and a thief. The artist's wife, though sometimes cited along with *Candida* to prove that Shaw could draw womanly women, is equally non-existent as a person. Perhaps there is no reason not to believe that she would reappear as the merry and now remarried widow of the last act, but there is also no reason to believe that she would. Like her husband, she has no psychological processes, merely gestures made in response to the strings which the playwright pulls. The play, as a play, might just as well turn out one way as another. The logic of the arguments is clear, the logic of the persons non-existent.

As a debater Shaw is superb if often unscrupulous enough. In its way nothing could be better than the dialogue between the scientist and the old Scotch doctor concerning the main point at issue. When the latter demands to know which his friend would prefer, a world in which all the pictures were bad and all the men and women good or one in which the pictures were good and the human beings bad, one laughs with sheer delight at the skill of a debater who has managed to phrase the question with such expert unfairness. But when the characters begin to behave instead of talk, even when they begin to talk about emotions rather than ideas, one remembers the old legend of Shaw as a brain without a heart. It is said, I believe, that the bravura bit which involves the artist's dying profession of faith was written to prove William Archer wrong in his conviction that his one-time collaborator could not write a death scene. Actually, I think, it proves him right. Dubedat's purple passage about his devotion to art is pretty good rhetoric. It would deserve an "A" if produced in response to an old-fashioned examination question beginning "Write an imaginary dialogue in which a Renaissance painter discusses Faith with Savonarola." But it is a rhetorical exercise nevertheless. It is less sincere and therefore less

moving than the drier of Shavian witticisms.

This brings me logically to the only unfavorable criticism which I have to make of Miss Cornell's performance. She is charming as the merry widow of the last act and she succeeds beyond any reasonable expectation in her efforts to humanize the character she is playing, to give her some emotional reality. But I wonder if there is any use in making an effort to do anything of the sort. Jennifer Dubedat is at least as artificial as Congreve's Millimant. It may just possibly be a mistake to try to make her seem human. JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH

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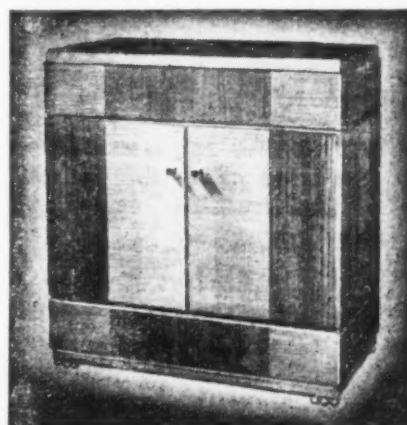
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MUSIC

WHAT struck me first in Stiedry's performance of Bach's Passion According to St. John, and what delighted my ears—accustomed as they were to the sound of performances by the Schola Cantorum with eighty arrogantly indifferent, hastily rehearsed New York Philharmonic musicians—was the refinement and finish and balance of the combined singing of the small group from the Schola and playing of the excellent little New Friends of Music Orchestra. Later there was the superb effectiveness of the dramatic passages of the work: the narrative of the Evangelist and dialogue of Jesus and Pilate in recitative, the choral interjections and comments of the Jews. These gained primarily by the fact that Stiedry has spent most of his life conducting dramatic music in an opera house; the recitative gained further by the fine singing of William Hain, Mack Harrell, and Chester Watson, and by the use of the organ for accompaniment, which proved to be artistically advantageous as well as authentic. And whereas the Schola Cantorum's singing of the chorales in 1937 caused me to observe that "one will not expect it to sing as badly as Bach's congregation must have sung, but one will expect it to sing as simply," and to complain of "shading that I thought precious and out of place," under Stiedry's direction the chorus sang the chorales as simply as it did beautifully.

It was, in short, a performance that revealed the strength of the strong parts of the work. And it was one that, on the other hand, did not conceal the weaknesses of the weak parts. The work begins with one of those opening Bach choruses in which what would be impressive said only three times is wearisome when said the tenth time; and it was not the less wearisome for a pace that gave the music magnificent breadth but continued to do this for fifteen minutes—the pace, in other words, for a chorus one-third the length. And the arias were poorly sung for the most part by Herta Glaz, William Horne, and even Harriet Henders, whose voice has acquired tremolo and sharp edge in its upper register. The best singing here was that of John Gurney.

Beethoven's sonatas for piano and 'cello are not works for 'cello with piano accompaniment but dialogues for the two instruments; their proper effect is achieved only when they are played by a pianist and a 'cellist of equal artistic

stature and with equal standing in the performances; and this effect was not achieved at the New Friends concerts at which one heard a powerful phrase that Feuermann had played on the 'cello with the force and authority of a solo artist played a moment later by Albert Hirsch with the meekness—however musically sensitive—of an accompanist. At an earlier concert it had been interesting to note that an artist who could phrase Schubert's "Wasserfluth" as Lehmann did could also come in a beat too soon after each piano interlude of the song. And at a later concert one heard Kipnis make superb things of Schubert's "Wanderer" and "Geheimes" and "Abschied"; then exhibit a lack of rhythmic sense that caused "Nacht und Träume" to fall to pieces and allowed excessive intensity to distort the shape of "Der Doppelgänger"; and end with a melodramatic "Erlkönig" that was sheer burlesque.

Among the March Columbia records that have arrived thus far is a set (X-187, \$2.50) offering a fine performance of Mozart's "Eine kleine Nachtmusik" by Weingartner with the London Symphony, well recorded except for an excess of bass which can be eliminated only by a separate bass-control. I recall Bruno Walter's performance on Victor as excellent, but clouded by reverberant recording.

Then there is Mozart's String Quartet K. 465 (Set 439, \$3.50)—one of the great six dedicated to Haydn. The performance by the new Kolisch Quartet is admirably sensitive, though to the point of being precious and mannered occasionally; and it is well recorded, with some of the surfaces of my copy a little noisy. But it hasn't the extraordinary tonal beauty and ensemble finesse of the Budapest Quartet's performance in the older Victor set, and is not as beautifully recorded.

Szigeti has recorded superb performances of Bloch's "Baal Shem," Three Pictures of Chassidic Life (Set X-188, \$2.50), of which the first two, "Vidui" and "Nigun" (70743-D), are impressive examples of Bloch's writing. "Simchas Torah" (70744-D) I care less about; and the arrangements of Milhaud's "Sumare" and Falla's "Miller's Dance" on the reverse side less still. While I am speaking of Szigeti I might mention my disappointment over the characteristic discrepancy between promise and fulfillment in the WOR broadcasts: the orchestral accompaniments of Szigeti's playing have been ragged and otherwise poor; though complete concertos were promised the assigned half-

hour period was sufficient for only the first movement of the Beethoven Concerto, and the other two were not played even the next Sunday; and there have been increasing amounts of the pretentious rubbish with which "Floyd Neale at the microphone" has disfigured WOR's broadcasts of serious music for years.

Barlow's performance of Dvorak's fine "Carnaval" Overture with the Columbia Broadcasting Symphony (70759-D, \$1) seems good; but if one gives the first side enough treble for fidelity and richness of orchestral sound one gets a horrible surface noise mixed with the sound; and from the middle of the second side, which doesn't have this defect, there is a drop in volume. The Adagio and Rondo from Stamitz's Violin Concerto in B flat (70747-D, \$1), not very consequential music to my ears, are excellently played by Milstein and Balsam; but the first side is afflicted with a bad rattle. Suzanne Sten's tremolo spoils what her beautiful voice and fine musicianship accomplish with Mendelssohn's moderately enjoyable song "Suleika" (17264-D, \$.75), and her singing of "Auf Flügeln des Gesanges" is somewhat explosive. Szymanowski's Twelve Etudes for piano Op. 33 and his Mazurkas Op. 50, well played by Jakob Gimpel (Set X-189, \$2.50), mean nothing to me. Nor do I care much about Pinto's "Scenas Infantis" for piano, which Novaes plays well (17262-D, \$.75).

B. H. HAGGIN

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